GEORGE ADE'S FABLES in SLANG 1912 MODELS

"HE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO GET HIS TEA AT THE USUAL HOUR, AND OUT IN THAT PLACE CALLED MINNIE-APPLES THE STUPID WAITER NEVER HAD HEARD OF BLOATERS FOR BREAKFAST."

The Fable of the Cousin Who Became Cognizant of Our Shortcomings---The Juvenile and His Plans.

ON the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined on his Cervical Vertebrae with a Plaid Shawl around him and roasted our Native Land.

He told the American in the next Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the usual Hour and out in that place called Minnie-Apples the stupid Waiter never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again after placing them outside the Door in Chicago.

The Houses were overheated and the Railway Carriages were not like those at Home and the Reporters were Forward Chaps and Ice should not be added with the Soda, because it was not being Done.

He was jolly glad to escape from the Wretched Hole and get back to his own Lodgings, where he could go into Cold Storage and have a Joint of Mutton and Brussels Sprouts as often as desired.

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of amphibious Albion. He said we were a new and crude people who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese and our Politicians were corrupt and Murderers went unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

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Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Isling, S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

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The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London, and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because good Opportunities were being overlooked.

He said he could Tip any one in England except, possibly, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sponge Cake with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Buses, and thought they were living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain at any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting, and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

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With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for those who never had tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

Moral—No chance.

Fable of the Lad Who Studied Mankind

ONCE there was a kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too Soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

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In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Flash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had stood in the private Lair of the Sure-Thingers when they were cooking up some new method of collecting much Income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had stood by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gauge, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those Places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

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In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody's else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tunnel.

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One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery. As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future, and what it might have in store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Cocoa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor, but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society and I have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

Moral—A little Learning is a dangerous thing, and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

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"THEY FELL TO TALKING OF THE FUTURE AND WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE IN STORE FOR A BRIGHT BOY WHO COULD KEEP ON THE TROT ALL DAY AND SUSTAIN HIMSELF BY EATING COCOA-NUT PIE."

TRAINING MERCHANT MARINE OFFICERS UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

TRANSFORMING a landlubber into a full-fledged seaman used to be a process which meant failure to any but the lads who could set their jaws grimly and unflinchingly face a voyage that contained many hardships. Now it means nothing more than the serious work which the ambitious young man would encounter were he to enter a college on shore. It also means success to the boy who will apply himself, for Uncle Sam, by section 8 of his law which governs American steamships that carry the United States mails, has provided the means whereby that boy can enter the merchant marine service and pass through the successive stages of apprentice, able seaman and petty officer in such a thorough manner that he will be molded into an expert ship's officer in the space of three to five years.

That is done simply by the decree which states that each American vessel carrying United States mails under contract shall take, as cadets or apprentices, one American boy under twenty-one years of age for each one thousand tons gross register of the vessel, and one for each majority fraction thereof, who shall be educated in the duties of seamanship and navigation under the direction of the chief officer and the boatswain, rank as petty officers and receive such pay for their services as may be reasonable.

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In the early days when clipper ships sailed the seas the training of a young man wishing to become a master mariner consisted of heartbreaking work, curses and blows and sometimes real torture. He used to be termed an apprentice and was called "boy" by the entire crew, and in the later years of his training the fact used to be impressed upon him that he could never hope to command the brawny seamen over whom he might be placed unless he became as tough in nature and physique as they.

Living before the mast, mingling with the seamen and adopting their ways was considered a necessity, and occasionally he had to batter one or two of them to a pulp in order to win their respect. The result was good seamanship, stanch nerve and a goodly stock of daring, but the business ability and education which are so necessary for the modern ship's officer to possess were greatly lacking.

The law contains a great deal more bearing on the future of the young American who wishes to adopt the seafaring career as his lifework than the average landsman can imagine. On board of Uncle Sam's ocean mail-carrying vessels the young man now goes to sea as a student and a gentleman, and is entitled to be addressed by the hands before the mast with the "sir" which they so often and loudly deliver to the officers. There is no likelihood, under this system, that the romance of his chosen profession will become dimmed.

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To go to sea "through the cabin windows" was a sure indication in the old days that the boys who did so would never turn out well. But ships and their requirements have undergone a decided change in the intervening years, and they require an education along special lines as well as practical experience. Handling a steamship in the seaports is just as important as nursing it through the heavy seas of mid-ocean, and the speed with which the present-day maritime commerce is carried on demands a perfect familiarity with marine business affairs. In order, therefore, to be fully equipped for such a career, the cadets must combine three qualities in one—the sailor, the steam navigator and the marine business man.

To keep themselves in the best physical and mental condition for hard work, as well as hard study, the cadets must eat well and also sleep well, and they are assigned to the officers' mess for meals and to one large stateroom for quarters. There is a single berth for each, with its lockers and drawers, and the room is so furnished that the cadets are not only comfortable during their hours off watch, but are as well equipped for study as is the student on shore. And even if they do live in the cabin, they work very hard, not only mentally, as do the students of technical schools on shore, but physically, as did the apprentices of former times.

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So far Uncle Sam has seven big ocean mail routes that cover the Atlantic ocean from New York to Southampton, the West Indies, Jamaica, Mexico and South America, and the Pacific ocean, from San Francisco to Tahiti. To carry the mails over these routes he engages nineteen steamers with tonnages that vary from 11,600 down to 2,200.

This means that he provides for the education of 142 cadet seamen, the number on each ship varying from twelve on vessels of the first class, such as the St. Paul and St. Louis, plying between New York and Southampton, to two on those of the smallest class, which travel the southern Atlantic routes. Altogether he has turned out over 600 well drilled, thoroughly grounded merchant marine officers since the law went into effect.

Such appointments are usually in great demand, and on the larger lines it is necessary to keep a list of applicants. In order to secure such a billet it is necessary for the aspiring boy to apply, through his parents, to the general manager of the line on which he desires the appointment. If his application is accepted and approved he is notified to appear for an interview, in which the general manager explains the law and its purpose. He also explains the details of the training and the hardships, not forgetting to impress upon his youthful visitor and his parents that he is not going on a yachting trip.

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With the appointment accepted the young man procures an equipment that consists of good, warm underwear; two uniforms, heavy and light weight, of the design prescribed by the company; a storm coat, seaman's jumpers and overalls, a pair of hipboots, a sou'wester and oilskins, and a summer outfit of white duck, together with the necessary toilet articles. When he finally enters upon his duties he begins to receive a salary that ranges from $10 to $30 a month.

Just before he sails on his first voyage the cadet is assigned to a watch and then begins a regular interchange of rest and work. Usually there are three watches, the port, starboard and mizzen. There is a lot of disagreeable work attached to the first year of a cadet's service, but if he passes through it with his determination still unshaken he will have come to realize that to master the details is very necessary in acquiring the training of a master mariner.

At the beginning of the morning watch, or 8 a.m., he gets the polishing kit out and sets to work to brush up the deck fittings. If he overlooks the smallest piece of brass or copper on either side of the ship the boatswain, that knocker and booster of sailors, doesn't, and the boy doesn't usually forget the experience. By the time he has finished this task it is noon and he is at liberty to go below until his next watch.

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The noon watch involves a miscellaneous assortment of work. Holystoning comes in once a week, an operation in which the cadet gets down on his knees with the sailors and for four hours pushes back and forth a twelve by five inch block of sandstone over the wet sanded surface of the deck. When he rises he is sore, but he takes his broom and follows the boatswain around with the hose, and then he sees how spotless and trim the decks have become.

Sometimes there is painting, mending of sails or awnings, or tarring the rigging, and very often the boatswain takes him aloft for a bit of exercise or selects some quiet corner to teach him knots and splices. Decks are swept down in the

EMBRYO MERCHANT MARINE OFFICERS IN THE SCHOOLROOM ON A NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP.

4 p.m. watch, halliards are recoiled and the ship made as neat as a new pin. He is taught how important it is to make things shipshape on deck and below for the night, and before the watch is relieved by the second dog watch at 6 p.m. they have secured every movable thing.

The duties of the first night watch and the midnight watch are the same. During those hours the cadet is posted on the navigating bridge with the officer of his watch, where he gains many hours of solid information. He learns to become impassive to the apparently threatening spectacle produced by the heavy seas in the darkness, and he is shown how to distinguish between the phosphorescent lights that sometimes appear on the top of waves and the lights of a passing ship.

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Four o'clock in the morning is a maddening hour to the cadet when he is on the second night watch. At that time he is roused from a sound and glorious slumber by the rough shake of a sailor of the retiring watch and he has to jump hastily into his hipboots and oilskins. Out on deck the cold and damp sea air gets into his very marrows, but there is good exercise in the two hours that follow in the process of washing down decks. Two hours more are consumed in wiping off the paints and then comes a much relished breakfast.

In port he has a comparatively easy job. He is either stationed at the gangway at night, or he checks cargo during the day with a patent register. During the first and second years of his service he is allowed two furloughs of eight days in each year to visit his home. In his second year he looks back with disdain or pity on the ignorance of the "plebes" who may follow in his footsteps. For him there is no more brass cleaning, and in the night watches he has some responsibility. He is either placed aloft in the crow's nest or forward on the lookout bridge, according to the construction of the vessel, but from either place it is his duty to sing out the position of every light that is sighted.

The third and senior year in most cases is called the year of "dawning sense," for the cadet passes out of the hands of the boatswain entirely. The first half of the year is spent at the wheel in the pilothouse with the quartermaster. Such experience gives him the necessary practice in keeping the ship on its course by the use of the sensitive steam steering gear, as well as trains him in the course the line usually runs from port to port.

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The second half of the year he spends with the officer on the bridge. He takes the full part of the navigator for practice, and at noon, when the observation of the sun is taken to obtain the position of the ship, he, too, has his own sextant and charts, marks the result of his own calculation and lays his own course for the next twenty-four hours, and then submits them to the chief officer for inspection.

Such knowledge doesn't come without hard study. Those hours which he had spent below off watch during his three years meant many a drill in algebra, geometry, trigonometry and physics and several other general educational subjects. Perhaps he had been through them on shore; most lines require a previous high school education, but so much of those studies that applied to the science of navigation had to be taken up as a regular duty.

What the cadet on a modern steamship learns that he doesn't learn in the schools on shore and did not learn in the early days is the application of mathematics and physics and hygiene to the welfare of the ship itself. He goes through a regular course in the calculation of cargo capacity, its storage, and the management of ship's accounts. Likewise he must, to a certain extent, understand the engine which propels his vessel and the electrical machinery which keeps it alight. He must also acquire a thorough knowledge of the laws pertaining to shipping, including international and maritime law, and he must display a general intelligence concerning the causes of change in maritime rates.

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The extent to which the American merchant marine officer must be qualified to assume that responsibility is decreed by the United States navigation laws. They say that he must not only be sufficiently conversant with navigation, but that he must have had three years of cruising, one year of which must have been on a sailing vessel or on such a vessel that will enable him to acquire knowledge of that character.

The general run of the United States mail steamship cadets, when they finish their course of training, indicates that they are capable officers and well informed young men, and they usually make the best sort of showing when they appear before the United States inspectors of vessels for the examination to secure the papers which certify that they are efficient ship's officers.

When the law which has opened this opportunity to the American-born boys who desire to follow the sea was put into effect in 1891 one of the facts upon which it was based was that American seamen and American vessels were becoming scarce. Statistics showed that with the gradual disappearance of the American clipper ship there was a corresponding decrease in the number of American sailors until the United States, with its coast line of over 5,000 miles and its eighty or more seaports, could not muster enough seamen from its own limits to man what few ships flew its flag. In other words, the majority of men who operated Uncle Sam's merchant ships were foreigners.

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The law contains some strict requirements in this respect and provides the means by which the personnel of the American merchant marine can be gradually built up. A government ocean mail contract covers a period usually of about ten years. The ships which carry Uncle Sam's mails must be American built, and during the first two years of the contract one-fourth of the crew must be American citizens, the next succeeding three years American citizenship must prevail by one-third and the remaining time by at least one-half. But they must be entirely owned and officered by American citizens, which means that there are opportunities for the American boy who chooses the sea as his career.

The American ocean mail law is much along the lines of those of Great Britain and Germany. It is also intended to be a benefit to the government, because in case of war not only the ships which carry the mails, but the men who man them, may be used in the government service. To that end the law decrees that steamships of the first, second and third classes employed in carrying United States mails must be constructed with particular reference to their prompt and economical conversion into auxiliary naval cruisers, according to plans agreed upon by the Secretary of the Navy and the owners.

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So much of the merchant marine as the United States had available rendered excellent service during the Spanish-American war. The four big steamships of the American line were easily turned into effective cruisers, and nearly the entire crew were mustered into the United States volunteer navy. Many other American steamships were used as army transports, but there were not enough to equal the demand. It was necessary to accept the services of British ships and British seamen in order to transport Uncle Sam's troops to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

How Charles Dickens Made Fun of His Friends, Acquaintances and Cotemporaries.

FROM the novels of Benjamin Disraeli, William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens it would be possible to collect a brilliant gallery of caricature portraits comprising almost all the men of affairs and the men of letters of the mid-Victorian era. To so supreme a point had the personalities of fiction run in those days!

Thackeray and Dickens divided up between them the literary men and the artists, leaving scarcely a great name untouched. They were wary of each other, however, as rivals whose admiration, each for the other's strength, was tempered by dissent from the other's standpoint.

"There is not place for both of us," wrote Thackeray in confidence to his daughter, though publicly he had only praise (and genuine praise) for the works of Charles Dickens.

Only once did Thackeray and Dickens combine their satire on any one person. That was in the case of John Forster, known today almost exclusively as the biographer of Dickens, but famous in his own era as the bellicose editor of the Examiner, the censurious critic of books and plays and the author of various histories and biographies.

John Forster, according to his friend, the painter, was "a gruff man with the kindest heart in the world." His brusque manner gave a wrong impression of his character to those who were but slightly acquainted with him. His voice was loud, so was his laugh. His face and cheeks were broad. Dickens was quite alive to Forster's peculiarities, and would mimic in the most amusing way, sometimes to his very face, his constant assumption of infallibility. He told a story, too, of dining one night with him, when boiled beef was set on the table unaccompanied by carrots. Forster rang the bell and said to the maid:

"Mary! Carrots!"

"There aren't none!" cried Mary.

To which Forster, with a dignified wave of his hand, responded:

"Mary, let there be carrots!"

Until the appearance of "Forster's Life" few people knew how much of autobiographical fact was mixed up with Dickens' fictions, and especially with the best of all of them, "David Copperfield." It had indeed been whispered that Mr. Micawber was Dickens' brother. Now the veil was wholly lifted and the public was allowed to see that Mr. Micawber was the elder Dickens not in character alone, but in the principal incidents of his amusing career.

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The continual struggle with bad luck, the shabby devices for eking out a genteel existence, the repeated compromises with creditors, the final crash and the sojourn in the debtors' prison, these were facts common in the career of Micawber and the elder Dickens. Nor is this all. Micawber and John Dickens are allied in the well known financial statement that the difference between misery and happiness lies in the odd sixpence of an income overspent or underspent, and also in the petition of the Marshalsea debtors to the throne, though the object of Micawber's petition was the abolition of imprisonment for debt, while John Dickens' memorial demanded the less dignified but more accessible boon of a bounty to drink his majesty's health on his majesty's coming birthday.

The finer part of old John Dickens' character, it may be added, was presented to us in Old William Dorritt, the amiable and helpless middle-aged debtor in the Marshalsea prison, whose story is told in Little Dorritt. Hear Percy Fitz-Gerald on this subject:

"Micawber was regularly farcial—he was the comic man of the piece. I fancy that this had been developed unduly and without any regard to the model. Old Dorritt is much weightier and graver. He has no fun at all; he is thoroughly practical—he looked to getting testimonials from the debtors, etc. Old Dorritt has also the 'ha-hum' style that characterized certain sayings of the elder Dickens. Micawber is clearly developed from one or two sayings quoted by his son to Forster, and by the son elaborated into character. Dorritt was stately and tragic, and at times could show much feeling and a soul of affection. In short, it comes to this: There was a part of Dickens pere in Dorritt pere, and a lighter view of Dickens pere in Micawber."

Mr. Pecksniff's absurdities are detestable. Mr. Micawber's are fundamentally lovable, and they grow more and more so toward the close. Now good old John Dickens had died in March, 1851, while David Copperfield was being written. The stone placed by Charles Dickens over his burial place bears tribute to his "zealous, useful, cheerful spirit." As Copperfield went on all that has been best in the father came back more and more vividly to the son. He could still find amusement in John Dickens' as in Mr. Micawber's exuberance of rhetoric. Thus it delighted him to remember that it was of one of the family connections that John had written:

"And I must express my tendency to believe that his longevity is (to say the least of it) extremely problematical."

There was a laugh, of course, in the enjoyment and imitation of all this kind of thing, but it connected much personal fondness, and the feeeling of the creator of Micawber, as he thus humored and remembered the foibles of his original, found its counterpart in that of his readers for the creation itself, as its part was played out in the story. Nobody likes Micawber less for his follies, and Dickens liked his father more, the more he recalled his whimsical qualities. Many years later he wrote, "The longer I live the better man I think him."

Another instance of portraiture from the life in "David Copperfield" is presented by the character of Miss Mowcher, who also had an original still in the flesh.

"I have had the queerest adventure this morning," wrote Dickens December 28, 1849—when he was preparing for the tenth number of "David Copperfield"—"the receipt of the inclosed from Miss Mowcher! It is serio-comic, but there is no doubt one is wrong in being tempted to use such a power."

Thinking that this grotesque little oddity stowed away in a corner among his acquaintances was entirely safe from recognition, he had been tempted in the first outburst of fun that had broken out around the fancy to copy too closely certain peculiarities and even actual deformities of face and figure. Shocked at discovering the pain he had given, Dickens wrote a soothing letter to the complainant, assuring her that he was beyond measure surprised and grieved by her recognition of herself, because after all it was not exactly herself that he had intended. All his characters, he explained, being made up of recollections of many people, were composite and not individual.

Some traits undoubtedly were hers, but some again were derived from other people. For example, in Miss Mowcher's pet phrase, "Ain't I volatile"? his friends had quite correctly recognized the favorite utterance of a different person. Nevertheless, he now felt that he had done wrong, and he wished to repair that wrong. It had been his purpose to employ that character in an unpleasant way. Now he had determined, whatever the risk or the inconvenience, to change his plans so that nothing but an agreeable impression should be left. The thirty-second chapter of "David Copperfield" in fact goes far to undo the impression made in the twenty-second.

There was a painful sensation in literary circles in London when, with every succeeding number of "Bleak House," it became more and more evident that the portrait of Harold Skimpole was modeled pretty closely upon that of Leigh Hunt. John Forster and "Barry Cornwall" Proctor were the first to protest against it. From the initial chapters Forster had felt that the likeness was too like. Proctor did not immediately think so, but a little reflection brought him round to Forster's opinion.

"You will see from the inclosed," Dickens wrote to Forster, under date of March 17, 1852, "that Proctor is much of my mind. I will, nevertheless, go through this character again in the course of the afternoon, and soften down words here and there." Before the day closed, however, Proctor had again written to him, veering round approximately to Forster's position. The result is told in another letter to Forster, dated next morning:

"I have again gone over every part of it very carefully," wrote Dickens, "and I think I have made it much less like. I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am so bent upon not doing it that I wish you would look at all the proof once more, and indicate any particular place in which you feel it particularly like. Whereupon I will alter that place."

Hunt, however, was pained, and very cruelly pained. In fact, though the alterations were considerable, the radical wrong remained. The pleasant, sparkling airy talk, which could not be mistaken, identified with odious qualities a public character mainly known to the writer by attractive ones. Elaborate apologies were offered by Dickens. But nothing was possible then to Dickens save friendly evasion of the points really at issue. The time for redress had gone.

"Separate in your own mind," Dickens wrote to Leigh Hunt, "what you see of yourself from what other people tell you that they see. As it has given you so much pain, I take it at its worst and say I am deeply sorry and that I feel I did wrong in doing it. I should otherwise have taken it at its best, and ridden off upon what I strangely feel to be the truth, that there is nothing in it that should have given you pain.

"Every one in writing must speak from points of his experience, and so I of mine with you; but when I felt it was going too close I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my manuscript are those in which I have been striving hard to make the impression I was writing from unlike you. The diary writing I took from Haydon, not from you. I now first learn from yourself that you ever set anything to music, and I could not have copied that from you. The character is not you, for there are traits in it common to 50,000 people besides, and I did not fancy you would ever recognize it. Under similar disguises my own father and mother are in my books, and you might as well see your likeness in Mr. Micawber."

Whatever may be thought of this explanation, it is quite certain that Dickens erred from thoughtlessness and from intentional unkindness. Hunt's philosophy of moneyed obligations, always half-jocosely proclaimed, and his ostentatious willfulness in the humoring that or any other theme on which he cared for the time to expatiate, had so often seemed whimsical and attractive that wanting an airy quality for the man he had invented, this of Hunt occurred to him. Such is George Gissing's suggestion.

Such, also, is the explanation which Dickens himself offered in a paper in All the Year Rround that appeared just after Leigh Hunt's death. He owns, however, that he has since often grieved to think that for the sake of the pleasure it afforded him to find a delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend.

It is said that Walter Savage Landor, or Savage Walter Landor, as Byron chose to miscall him, never issued a growl at his own caricature in the person of Lawrence Boythorn, who appears together with Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House." Yet here, indeed, no offense could be taken save in the mere fact of unauthorized portraiture. Lawrence Boythorn with his fierceness of aspect and the great laugh that belied the apparent savagery of his moods, is a very picturesque and lovable character. "There is nothing of the bear in him save the skin," as Goldsmith says of the ursa major of eighteenth century literature, who so closely anticipated some of the best and some of the most baffling characteristics of the ursa major of the nineteenth.

Mr. Forster would have us believe that in Dickens' early books there was only one character intended to be odious who was copied wholly from a living original. He gives us Mr. Fang, the magistrate in "Oliver Twist," and acknowledges that he was drawn with deliberate intent from one Laing of Hatton Garden, a notorious magisterial bully. It will be remembered that Oliver is brought before Mr. Fang on the charge of "fogle-hunting." The magistrate is described as a "lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-aged man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern and much flushed. If he really were not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel and have recovered heavy damages."

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Now all these attributes of the Mr. Fang of the novel belonged also to the Mr. Laing of reality. Dickens, who knew of him by reputation, deliberately sought him out for the purposes of fiction. Forster quotes from a letter he addressed to a certain Haines, who then had general supervision over the police reports for the daily papers:

"In my next number of 'Oliver Twist' I must have a magistrate, and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be shown up, I have as a necessary consequence stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be), I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning. If you can further my object I shall be really very gratefully obliged to you!"